THE COMMONWEAL

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THE CHURCHES COÖPERATE

WITH Labor Day less than two weeks hence —as this is written—there is no problem more important than the tremendous efforts on the part of General Johnson and his co-workers to make good the promise of the return of 6,000,000 workers to their jobs before labor's great day arrives. It eclipses in its interest any other single aspect of the complex social problem of our times. If the promise is fulfilled—even if not to its fullest extent—it will be written down in history as one of the most stupendous achievements in coöperation ever recorded in history. Indeed, nothing like it exists in history, so far as we are aware. While there are grumblings of dissatisfaction, and the implied threat of a boycott against those employers who do not fall into line, up to this time what has been done has unquestionably been accomplished through good-will rather than through compulsion, or even through the natural fear of consequences which many feel, no doubt, as they agree to go along with the "new deal," even although not fully persuaded of its justification. Quite apart, however, from the ordinary difficulties of accomplishing such a drastic and far-reaching reordering of our economic life, there are other, and more formidable, aspects of the same problem, which are forcing themselves upon public attention. The riotous milk strike in northern New York, the suspended threat of a strike in the coal regions of Pennsylvania, numerous minor strikes which have been declared in other parts of the country, indicate that a gigantic struggle centering around the question of union labor has so far been averted only with difficulty and may yet appear upon the troubled national scene.

It is at this point that the practice of coöperation encounters its most practical difficulty. There have been great concessions made to the principle of the right of labor to organize and to enter the field of collective bargaining by many industrialists who previously were in opposition to such measures, or at least greatly dreaded them. So, too, there have been praiseworthy efforts, generally successful, on the part of the accredited leaders of American labor to maintain the spirit and the practice of coöperation, rather than to permit particular sections of labor to plunge into active strife. It is to be sincerely hoped that the coöperative

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spirit will prove powerful enough to prevail. The contrary presents an appalling picture. If the coming winter, difficult at best to meet because of the still tremendous burden of supporting the unemployed—for nobody even dreams of lowering that mass more than one half—should also witness great strikes, complicated as they undoubtedly would be by ultra-radical activities, particularly on the part of the Communists, all that has happened up to this time since the beginning of the depression would appear like a vision of peace and happiness. To avert such a tremendous calamity, every agency of good-will in the country should be exerted to the utmost.

With this point of view, we heartily welcome the signs which denote an unofficial yet nevertheless very real coöperation on the part of many of our organized religious forces. This is strikingly manifested in a recent bulletin issued by the News Bureau of the National Lutheran Church, which is in large part devoted to recording and commenting upon the work being done by Catholics, by the Federal Council of Churches, and through the Lutherans themselves.

The Lutheran Bulletin calls attention to the general agreement of thought shown by the literature distributed by the Catholic League for Social Justice—which, of course, is drawn from the authoritative sources dispensed by the National Catholic Welfare Conference—and the principles expressed in the literature studied by the Lutheran groups. Both are grounded upon "a personal dedication of the individual Christian to the practice of Christian truth and love in every relation of life," says the Lutheran Bulletin. "This climax to the study of the principles—their adoption for one's own life—comes with the prayers and the personal dedication. For the church-wide approval and promotion of the movement among Lutheran Christians there is nothing to correspond to the episcopal sanctions reported by the League for Social Justice. However, there is the official approval of the executive board of the United Lutheran Church in America and the action taken by various synods and conferences urging the organization of study groups among the men and women of local congregations."

As the News Bulletin goes on to say, the Labor Sunday message issued by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, with the request that it shall be read in the churches affiliated to the Council on Labor Sunday, approaches the problem of social justice chiefly from the labor angle. This, however, is a specific application of the basic program of the Federation, and it does not mean that it confines its efforts to the relations between capital and labor. We quote the summary of the Labor Sunday Message as given by the Lutheran Bulletin, both for the sake of its general interest, and as a proof of the existence of that general coöperation among Christian forces which is called for in every field where Catholics and Protestants may work together for the common good, without sacrificing their dogmatic principles.

"The Labor Sunday Message of the Federal Council, of necessity, lacks the inclusive character of the other two approaches to this imminent problem of humanity. It is concerned chiefly with the labor problem. However, in the call to Christians of every creed to recognize the crying need for the readjustment of our social institutions there is an insistence upon evangelical principles which cannot help but clarify the thinking and acting of those who give earnest heed to it. It declares the necessity for lifting high 'the ideals and principles of Christian faith upon which a better world must now be built.' It stresses the fact that 'the teachings of Christ which bear on economics are not expressed in technical terms. They deal primarily with motives and human values.' This makes them all the more searching and timeless we are told: 'They center upon the priceless worth of the humblest human being; the fundamental place of love in human life; the religious significance of daily bread, shelter and security. They give supreme emphasis to the motive of serving the common good as over against private self-seeking.' These teachings are recognized as striking at the very root of the exploitation of human life for profit, at the madness evidenced in gambling and stock speculation, at every attempt to acquire wealth without making any personal contribution to the common good. Attention is called to the sharp contrast between Jesus's teaching and life and the 'present shocking inequalities of income and wealth.' Our Christians, who, it is desired by the Federal Council, are to hear this message, are told that it is the business of the Church 'to teach, to inspire, to provide the moral and spiritual dynamic for a basic change, to point to the need for a dedication to the common good, a courage and unselfishness greater than are now manifest in American life.' The 'Social Ideals of the Churches,' as revised by the Federal Council of Churches in December, 1932, seem to be more occupied with details of material conditions affecting social life than with individual attitudes toward underlying principles of social justice and their practice by the individual. In other words, while a program is outlined, neither motives, decisions nor power for personal participation are presented. Therein lies the evident difference between the Roman Catholic and Lutheran approaches to the imperative problem of the Christian world, and that by the Federal Council of Churches. That each movement may, under God, be guided and empowered toward a permanent and blessed contribution toward a more Christian civilization will be the devout prayer of every earnest Christian heart."

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WEEK BY WEEK

ULCEROUS conditions in Cuba have finally broken, the wound has been opened, apparently cleaned and now the long, slower processes of recuperation are to be hoped for. The Machado régime had sown the dragon's teeth of violence. For every tortured and murdered man there were a dozen friends or members of the man's family to plan at least for the overthrow of torture and murder as instruments of government. This has been the direct, almost inevitable result of violence in the past, throughout history. It would seem that governments never learn, especially those governments where the megalomania of one man deviates from representing the interests of his people and he seeks to force them into line behind him. Aside from this development, familiar in history, there was one event of notable unfamiliarity; this was the effectiveness of passive resistance as an instrument of civil conflict. The general strike which was called in the island and which was much more than a strike by labor unions because it had apparently the coöperation of the general public, or consumers, had a totality of effect which left the dictator with his army and gunmen squads powerless. Here was no small, ill-disciplined revolutionary force, poorly armed, uncertain of its support by the populace who very naturally doubted the wisdom of being shot or having their homes taken from them or burned. It was not localized as such revolutionary forces are and subject to the drawing up of battle fronts. The people simply stayed home; trains did not run, ships were not loaded or unloaded, factories were idle and shops remained closed.

Cuban Crisis Resolved

FACED with such a situation, a dictator cannot expect to decimate his own nation. The army, contemplating this unanimity of the people, simply as Cubans declared they would not engage in any wholesale slaughter of their countrymen and themselves quietly joined the passive resistance. United States Ambassador Welles in the situation moved with fine balance, it seems to us. His responsibilities were a matter of local law and of the large unwritten but clearly understood code of international law. His feelings of common sense and common decency were involved. But any too intransigent act by him and in extension by the United States might have precipitated a bloody and long drawn out conflict in Cuba, charges of imperialistic meddling with sordid motives by the United States and acute resentment by Latin America generally against this country. He seems to have won no weak, waiting victory, accidentally his; yet he moved so circumspectly that only goodwill and confidence in him and the United States have resulted. President de Céspedes is a man of broad experience in government; he is steeped in the history and traditions of his country and he has clearly been a man of honor and good heart. His countrymen evidently appreciate all these things and have confidence in him. At the time of this writing, the general strike has quickly abated and only two groups remain unemployed, not for political motives but because of special bargains they wish to make with their employers. The treasury is almost empty and Cuba, burdened heavily with debts and unfavorable trade conditions for her principal industry, has plenty of her share of the economic problems wracking the world. The essential point is that happily she seems to have the men of good-will at her head now who may with the willing coöperation of the people work out a better social order for the island. In this achievement the people of the United States surely wish her well.

WHILE we cannot but regret that Professor William F. Ogburn of the University of Chicago is to be lost to the administration at Washington as the director of the Consumers' Board of the N.R.A., we believe he has made his resignation a positive contribution to the advancement of our new controlled economics. For anyone at a distance from the scene, it is impossible to estimate the personal equation in which Professor Ogburn was involved. His resignation may have been the simplest means of emphasizing points which he lacked means to effect. The outstanding point which he emphasized was that the price-raising policy of the present government would be accomplished only at a great social cost, precipitating another serious depression with overloaded inventories, price-cutting and unemployment and all of the rest of the janglings out of tune of the economic machine which we have been through, unless purchasing power were raised with prices. This is a truism that has been emphasized again and again, by President Roosevelt himself, by practically every member of his Cabinet and by Secretary Perkins in particular, by Secretary of Agriculture Wallace and General Johnson. This is said not to minimize the importance of Professor Ogburn's reemphasis. The importance of consumer ability to balance productive ability has to be understood by even the most selfish of special interests.

Helping the Consumer

PROFESSOR OGBURN goes on to emphasize the theory and mechanics which must underlie obtaining an approximation of the proper balance. "In order to administer the [N.R.A.] codes without injuring the consumer, a very full reporting service needs to be provided for in the codes," he says, and points out that standards of quality must

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be developed in order to give any reality to price comparisons or attempts at stabilization. He adds further that the Consumers' Board needs unusual support because the Labor Board on the one hand has its large supporting unions and the Industries Board on the other hand has its powerful and wealthy associations, and he feels that there should be a special effort by the government deputies who function in an arbitrative capacity between the various opposed interests of business to interest themselves actively in the Consumers' Board. This is true and important; the Consumers' Board must be in the position to strike the final balance between production and consumption, which in a free country means simply that it must be in a position to indicate the facts and leave it up to intelligent public opinion to do the rest. A point which we have not seen properly emphasized, however, is that the consumer is identical with labor and with the employer. These two in the total national equation are the consumers. Thus there is no conflict of interest between the Consumers' Board and the other boards. The support which Professor Ogburn wishes for the Consumers' Board should willingly come from the other two groups when their mutuality of interest has been made abundantly clear.

Records Fall

THE RECORDS that are falling this summer are numerous. The heat in many places, as we can remember, surpassed itself. Wiley Post flew around the world in record time while General Balbo completed his record-breaking mass flight with a Roman triumph recalling the days of the Caesars. The Frenchmen, Rossi and Codos, in their huge plane weighing nine tons and flown by a water-cooled engine, winged from Floyd Bennett Field, New York, out over the blue of the Atlantic, over Europe, stopping only to circle over Le Bourget airport while hands were waved to wives and friends, over the turquoise of the Mediterranean, to land finally at Rayak, Syria. They had exhausted their supply of 1,770 gallons of gasoline and traveled over 6,200 miles in 60½ hours, between two points separated by a straight-line distance of 5,590 miles, establishing by a margin of 250 miles a new record in distance flying. In Germany, Kurt Schmidt, a twenty-seven-year-old university student, remained aloft in a motorless glider which he had built himself, all one day, and all through the night, gliding back and forth like a gull or a hawk, and all the next day. He was up in the air for exactly 36½ hours. The previous record, made by Lieutenant William A. Cocke of the United States Army, in Hawaii, was 21½ hours. And this morning we were awakened by the deep-throated booming of water traffic on the Hudson as the Rex steamed up to its pier of the Italian Line, a new holder of all records for transatlantic steamship crossing. She had just covered the 3,181 sea miles from Gibraltar to Ambrose Lightship in four days, thirteen hours, and fifty-eight minutes, exactly three hours faster than the previous record made by the Europa a month ago.

The King Racketeer

IT IS important news that Al Capone is to be tried for his real offenses—or at least under an indictment which recognizes what his real offenses were. No single instance of legal impotence brought more disrepute on our laws as a whole, relaxed the civic conscience more or spread a more vicious cynicism about our great foundation tenets of equal justice, than that whereby major criminals and suborners of crime escaped the penalty of their deeds by the technical commutation which sent them up for evading the federal income tax. And of these men, Capone is the chief—probably in actuality, certainly in his standing in the public imagination. So long as there existed no real proportion between the known career of so powerful and publicized a figure and the penalty under which he was committed to Atlanta—a few years in a federal prison—it was grotesque to impose greater penalties on other men for lesser misdeeds, and folly to expect a common assent to the situation. It now appears that what should have happened with ideal swiftness is at least slated to happen at last. The Illinois State's Attorney announces that Capone is to be released from Atlanta on a writ, to stand trial as a racket conspirator.

THE CONTROL OF CRIME

IT IS clearly apparent that organized crime, in all its manifold and sinister aspects, is one of the major problems of the complicated social crisis with which the nation is struggling. At a time when tremendous economic and political questions—both national and international—demand all the time and thought of President Roosevelt, he is obliged by the urgency of the crime situation to give it his personal attention. The same thing is true of the governors of all the states of the Union. At the annual meeting of the governors in California recently, attended by all the state executives who dared to leave their desks to attend the meeting, racketeering and kidnapping engaged their attention most seriously. In New York State Governor Lehman sent a special message to the Legislature recommending that the Attorney-General receive broad powers to investigate and prosecute racketeers, whose activities seriously threaten legitimate business, making drastic action against them necessary.

To catalogue the chief items reported from all over the country, concerning organized crime—to say nothing about the multitude of other ordinary

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crime news—would fill pages of this paper, even if such a survey should be confined to one day's grist of news. Special attention, naturally enough, would need to be directed upon the proceedings of Senator Copeland's Federal Committee on racketeering, now sitting in New York, and which is scheduled to hold similar investigations in other cities before it reports back to the President and to Congress. In one day, recently, more than twenty judges, public prosecutors, lawyers, criminologists and social service workers testified before the committee. Day after day, more or less similar stories are recited. They need not be told again, here, even in outline. Horrible as they are, they are most familiar. For years the same stories have been told. The huge mass of evidence gathered by the research committee on social trends, appointed by President Hoover, concerning crime, had its passing share of public attention only a year or so ago. Everybody knows, or at least has no excuse for not knowing, how organized crime has fastened itself upon the life of the nation, and what a frightful toll it extracts, in money, waste, terrorization, and the degradation of the American people. The really practical thing now confronting us is what can be done to remedy the appalling situation.

Several of the witnesses appearing before Senator Copeland in New York agreed that organized crime, at least in the great cities, could not be met successfully because of the existing alliance between corrupt politicians and the gangs. While due allowance must be made for the fact that some of these witnesses are political opponents of the present New York administration, and were naturally not averse, now that a new struggle for political control is impending in New York, to turn the crime hearing into a political weapon, nevertheless what they say is regarded as a fact by investigators having no particular political axes to grind. The same conviction was expressed, for instance, in the crime report made to President Hoover's committee, after one of the most thorough investigations ever made. In giving his testimony concerning the alliance between corrupt politicians, and organized criminals, one of the witnesses, George Z. Medalie, a United States attorney, made it clear that his own remarks on this subject were not directed at one party more than another. "In almost every large city," he said, "racketeers and gangsters are part of the machinery of municipal control. Not until politics is divorced from municipal control will you get rid of the gangster and the racketeer."

As for the remedies favored by the witnesses, they ranged from suggestions of fundamental political changes—such as the substitution of nonpartizan city managers for political party control—to such drastic, and necessarily ephemeral, things as martial law. Whipping posts, universal finger-printing, loud prayers for the advent of an American Mussolini, were some of the weirder manifestations of this amazing revelation of the state of bewilderment now prevailing among legislators, and judges, and police officials, to say nothing about the average citizen.

One paragraph of the crime report in Recent Social Trends might be usefully recalled at this time. It runs as follows:

"Crime might conceivably be reduced to fundamental changes in social organization, such as the minute police regulation of behavior found in certain continental countries or the identification of individual with public interests seen in the Marxian ideal, or a return to the simple and slowly changing social organization of fifty years ago, when behavior was controlled largely by the pressure of the intimate group of neighbors and other associates. But nothing except a cataclysm is likely to produce such fundamental changes in the social organization at least in the near future. Whatever improvement is made in the control of crime must be made within the framework of the present developing social organization. . . ."

It is as certain as anything can well be in a world visibly changing almost daily from at least the exterior aspects of those institutions and social systems which have prevailed for the last one hundred years or more, that there will be no really revolutionary changes in American life. A social cataclysm is not in sight. Yet there is, we believe, one profound change possible, and most desirable, which would be at least spiritually a revolution. If it occurs, all other things will be modified. For as Walt Whitman said so truly: "Changes in appearances without a change in that which underlies all appearances, are without avail." The fundamental cause of crime is no deep secret, even if reports of committees and investigators rarely mention it. Yet it can only be a lessening, or even an absence, of common belief in morality. If politicians betray their public trust—as far too many of them do—and if city populations tamely submit to the betrayal of their representatives, it is because there is a weakening, or even a death, of moral beliefs. And moral beliefs depend for their vitality upon religious beliefs. It is necessary, of course, for the investigators to collect the horrible facts relating to organized crime. What we all know in a general way should be supported by facts, and by expert opinions. And it is necessary to reform our legal system, where it is inadequate or faulty; it may well be, even, that extraordinary methods should be temporarily adopted to stem the tidal wave of crime. But unless education is rescued from secular dominance, and is once more allied with religious instruction, and unless there is a great reawakening of the forces of organized religion, there can be little hope that we shall be able to control the forces of crime.

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A NEW DEAL IN AGRICULTURE

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

Cotton and wheat, because they are the American farmer's principal money crop, and the American farmer does not consider himself a peasant, or subsistence farmer, but a business man in a national economic order entitled to as many opportunities as the industrialist, are the principal concern here of the author as well as of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. Essentially this is a description of the farmer's N.R.A., and the industrial urbanite practically has as much at stake as the farmer in its success.—The Editors.

I HAVE a neighbor across the hollow who cherishes an ambition of truest altruism. He would like to give a bright new silver dollar to every man, woman and child in the world who needs one. One day, in an evil mood, I gave this plain mountaineer an almanac listing the population of every country in the world, along with the approximate recognized indebtedness of every country. The statistics gave evidence that every human being on earth needs a dollar badly. This silenced my neighbor.

But now the Agricultural Adjustment Administration is actually beginning to fulfil my friend's life-long ambition. The contemporary mystic, Henry Agard Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, and his romantic henchmen of the new deal are taking a first step along the "untrod path" by offering a cash handout of $150,000,000 to 1,200,000 cotton growers, and $100,000,000 to another 1,000,000 or more.

This fall these same helmsmen of agricultural birth control hope to hand out $150,000,000 to corn and hog raisers, $50,000,000 to tobacco growers, and so on, until at least 50,000,000 acres of American farm land shall be retired from use, $1,000,000,000 yearly paid to farmers as a bounty for crop limitation, and until practically everybody in the world has at least $1.00.

It is a big idea geared to the proposition that in terms of agricultural production the United States is all one farm. That is also an expansive proposition that leads directly to the saying that all the world is one farm, just as all humanity is one family. For since the World War rudiments of agricultural economics have taken no great account of national boundaries. When fighting Europe lost 50,000,000 acres to battle-field, we promptly added 40,000,000 acres to our domain of farms and threw American agriculture into high gear. It has been in high gear since. We have been producing crops for a world market, just as if there were one, a fact which has encouraged such bucolic realities as the rotting fruit of California, the undug potatoes of Minnesota, the burnt corn of Iowa, the unmoved cotton of Mississippi, and the folding of 8,000 rural banks.

Now the Adjustment Administration is beginning to mix tonics for an ailing agriculture, not denying that its proposed doctorings hold possibilities for leakage, dishonesty and incompetency. Secretary of Agriculture Wallace confides:

> We have merely designed a framework; the enduring structure is not yet visible. It will come into being when, as and if the farmers of this country wish it to. . . . It is a keynote of this administration that we refuse to kid ourselves about what we have done or hope to do. We cannot solve the problems overnight, and we cannot solve them at all unless you and your neighbor pitch in and help.
>
> The adjustment we seek calls first of all for a mental adjustment, a willing reversal of driving pioneer opportunism and *laissez-faire*. . . . This country has filled up now and grown up. There are no more Indians to fight. No more land worth taking may be had for the grabbing.
>
> The frontiers that challenge us now are of mind and spirit. We must blaze new trails in the direction of controlled economy, common sense and social decency.

The prophet of interdependence argues that now is the opportune time to gear farm production downward,

> . . . [while the] terrific disparity between rural and urban buying power is choking the life out of all forms of American business.

He warns farmers and distributors alike that

> if as a result of the recent rise in prices, you feel that all that is necessary is just to whoop it up, encourage a spirit of optimism and let the future take care of itself, you are ignoring the facts of supply and demand. . . . Our overproduction of major farm crops is tragically real.

The Agricultural Adjustment Administration has formally opened its noble experiment with cotton. To the end of reducing this staple by 10,000,000 acres, farmers in 820 cotton-growing counties of the South are being exhorted to plow under between 25 and 40 percent of their cotton crop, duly lured by prospects of a cash bounty of between $7 and $20 for each acre destroyed, a bounty to be paid from a processing tax upon all cotton consumed. The "benefit" payment, forthcoming from the United States Treasury either in cash or part cash and part six-cent-a-pound option on government-owned cotton now in storage, varies with the alleged yield:

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YIELD PER ACRE (POUNDS)	BENEFIT PAYMENT
100-124	$7
125-149	9
150-174	11
175-224	14
225-274	17
275 and over	20

Recruiting has not been easy in the Southland. Even though drought insures an exceptionally poor crop, farmers are prone to ponder and chew twigs, while cotton buyers and brokers smile up their sleeves, and say that acreage cutting in the United States will merely mean acreage increase in other cotton-growing sections; that all cotton growers cannot profit equally. But in general the dealers appear willing to wait and watch until the great play is finished.

Meanwhile the Secretary of Agriculture has hurled all available force into action, in a creditable drive to pledge enough acres to allow the scheme a fair trial. County agricultural agents, federal and state farm extension workers, vocational teachers and thousands of volunteer committees have joined the great drive. But the labor has been hard. True estimate of yield has turned out to be a prime joker. Regulations say that each cotton grower who chooses to participate, shall name the number of acres he is willing to plow under, estimate of yield from the average of the past three years, and forward an offer to the Secretary of Agriculture. When the offer is accepted, the farmer is formally notified and so plows under the acreage promised. The county agricultural agent or his prescribed committeemen verify and attest and the farmer then draws his money.

But chances for slipping are many. Suppose, for example, that Colonel Lirchfield, related to the Lirchfields, chooses to have his farmhands plow under 1,000 acres which vary naturally from 150 to 200 pounds in cotton yield. Ginning records, the principal verification, suggests that the average stays in the close neighborhood of 175 pounds. If the Colonel can sell his investigator on the idea of 175 pounds to the acre, then Uncle Sam pays him $14,000 cash on the barrel-head. But perhaps his real and true-blue crop is only 174 pounds. Then the United States, according to legal clauses and contract, has been stuck for $3,000. The deciding pound of staple has been sold to the sovereign commonwealth for at least $3, or $1,500 a bale, which takes us back to the days of Confederate money or Wall Street bond watering.

Furthermore, Colonel Lirchfield, like the proposed million other cotton growers, is assured that lands taken out of cotton production may be used for growing food or feed crops for home use. When the Colonel draws his money, what then if he throws his abandoned cotton acreage to wheat or any other principal crop waiting regulation, and markets his harvest? To devote 1,000 or even 100 acres to raising crops exclusively for home consumption is ridiculous. If the Colonel violates the terms of his contract, he might be cut off Uncle Sam's preferred list for next year, but there is the possibility that there may not be a next year for domestic allotment, and there is the certainty that the Colonel has the money in his pocket. All of which means that the honor of a Southern gentleman, or a Northern, Eastern or Western gentleman, is put to terrific tension. To expect uncompromising, Jeffersonian honesty of all our 33,000,000 farm citizens is a lyrical and charming concept.

Proposed adjustment of wheat, though not quite as complex, is about as open to human frailty. Farmers who promise to cut acreage a maximum of 20 percent of their 1934 and 1935 crops, are eligible to receive reduction bounties on about five-eighths of their prevailing yields. According to statistics, about five-eighths of the average wheat crops goes for domestic consumption in the United States. The bounty, described by the Secretary of Agriculture as "probably about $.30 a bushel or less," is to be paid from a similar processing price on wheat, equivalent to the discrepancy between the current price and the average price for the five-year period between 1909 and 1914.

At the moment prospects are that there will be little, if any, discrepancy. Wheat prices, like cotton, are drastically on the upgrade. But the administration predicts that the trend will be short-lived. The market dilemma of both crops is serious. Even with the shortest cotton yield in a generation, 1933 harvest finds a price-ruining surplus of 13,000,000 old bales still in storage. And it finds 40,000,000 acres of growing cotton, as compared with 37,000,000 last year and 35,000,000 the year before.

The current plight of the wheat market is as serious. Even with a half-average harvest, the country faces a carry-over of 350,000,000 old bushels, three times the normal wait-over and more than half the world's surplus. Dawning "confidence," a short crop and a reawakening of bulls cannot obliterate the fact that export possibilities are feeble; or that wheat production in Western Europe has risen from 900,000,000 to 1,500,000,000 bushels while the rest of the wheat-growing world has joyously spread its acres. And it is also true that holders and speculators in wheat, and not producing farmers, have absorbed the vast majority of market gains.

But Secretary of Agriculture Wallace makes cheerful prediction:

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> The plan permits a free supply and demand price for wheat to operate in all markets of the United States. . . . When this open market price and the world price for wheat become adjusted, the way will be clear for free export without detriment to the farmer's income on that portion of the crop required for domestic consumption.

But wheat control, like cotton adjustment, is considerably lost in a fog of administrative vagaries:

> Within a county, allotments to individual farms will be made to county wheat production control associations, preferably in counties with 200,000 acres of wheat or over, on the basis of the three-year average production, and these allotments will be published in the county press.

Here again, we might ponder upon the specific. If Farmer Shotwell contends that his average yield of wheat is 22 bushels to the acre, when in truth it is only 21.8 or 21.2 bushels, then Farmer Shotwell's neighbor, provided he is so inclined, may be in position to rise and shout, "His statement ain't accurate!" People might listen, and again they might not.

In the course of readjusting agriculture, the human factor heads all other considerations, just as it does in practically any other mortal undertaking. The Secretary of Agriculture and his foremost lieutenants admit with complete frankness, that even a thin minority of cheaters will gum the executive works completely and immediately. The emissaries of adjustment recognize, too, that the good earth is sometimes prejudiced against mortal legislation and high-flown economies; that even as administrators, calculators and coördinators strain every effort toward adjustment, Dame Nature varies her processes of increase with drastic contraceptives in the form of flood and drought. Certainly the latter is not to be forgotten in 1933, the poorest crop year in half a century.

From my own rural journeyings I am convinced that Tom Wells, chief of the Farmer's Holiday Association, voices the outstanding farm sentiment toward the Agricultural Adjustment Administration when he says: "We're going to give Roosevelt and Wallace a chance. We're going to play along and see what happens."

The greatest and most audacious experiment in the history of American farming is off for a slow-moving but discernible start. Agrarian America is sceptical, but willing to be convinced.

YET AGAIN THE SEA

By C. C. MARTINDALE

I OFTEN feel I need to be forgiven for writing so much about the sea and its apostolate. But not when I write to America. The first wave of Sea Apostolate enthusiasm which reached —more than forty years ago—Montreal and Sydney and had set up all the twelve pioneer Seamen's Institutes, reached also the United States, as New York, Philadelphia and New Orleans bear witness. I believe the last-named is being reconstructed. Brooklyn, I think, has an institute for colored seamen. I know I am not wrong in thinking that the National Committee of Catholic Charities is a creation especially dear to the heart of Cardinal Hayes; and that I am right in thinking that its Social Service Section will not disregard the needs of the seaman. Three American cardinals and several bishops are patrons of the International Council of the Sea Apostolate. When I need consolation about this Catholic enterprise, I think at once of America and Australia.

Why must this work be exceptional? Because the seaman is outside all normal Catholic framework. He has no parish, no diocese—you may say, no nation. Who can help him? Only someone who is outside the local or national organization. The Englishman, the Swede, the Italian, the American, will not receive only their nationals in their ports. The American sailor will not land only in American ports. The West of Ireland boy, chucked into a ship, will go on shore at Cape Town and be introduced forthwith to Number X (I won't say which) district of that city. The Goan seafarer will arrive in the port of London, his mind a-dream with Saint Francis Xavier and Saint Lawrence, and who will give welcome to his shivering soul? Who will not solicit his aching body? There is no denying it. Sea-work is all on its own. Everywhere, it is unlike anything else.

What is necessary to form a Sea Apostolate? At least this: Catholic Seamen's Institutes in every port, where the seaman may find quiet for writing letters home (he always wants to do that); a chance of boxing (half of them want to blow off steam); and a chance of dancing (they all of them want decent female society). I have to say, perhaps scandalously, that opportunities for confession and Communion are only part of what the man who is a seaman (or any other sort of man) requires. But if you have an institute, either it is where every man can see it, on the edge of the docks themselves, or it isn't. Only in Sydney can I remember a Catholic institute that stares you in the face. Only in Durban can I remember a church and institute that are to be built right on the street

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by which every seaman has to enter the town. If then the institute exists, but is invisible, you need either brilliant sign-posts that can point him thither (I have never seen a port where there are any), or men who visit the ships and show the crew how to get there. But, if you are to have a proper organized body of such men, you need a whole-time port chaplain. He has to be "on tap" at least within the institute when men arrive there. It is terrible to me, if a priest sails by any ship and never seeks the Catholics among the crew (how can they spontaneously start to find him?); but terrible, too, if a man lands, and does not know how to find a priest, assuming that he wants one (and they all really do).

There is very much more that could be mentioned, as necessary for an adequate Sea Apostolate: a sea literature; an educational movement for boys; attention to families left behind; libraries, and so forth. But I should say that our structural needs are: port chaplains; institutes; visiting.

In 1920, there were no Catholic port chaplains. Now there are fourteen. In 1920, there were eleven institutes of some sort or another in the whole world; now there are forty-six. There were thirteen organized ship-visiting committees; now there are sixty. That is a fine increase. It remains that in more than four hundred ports non-Catholic institutes exist. One single German Evangelical Mission has institutes and chaplains in sixty ports. Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, have their institutes and separate nationalist missions all over the world. Three of the chief British Missions have centers in at least two hundred places, with a staff of chaplains and of lay assistant workers.

It is safe to say that Catholics, far ahead in actual numbers, are far behind in actual work done. We have to acknowledge this. It is no good burking or blinking facts. More than half the seafarers of the world are Catholics: less than a quarter of the work done for them is done by Catholics. Why is this? Perhaps, in part, because Catholics do exist by way of parishes and dioceses, and parish priests and bishops inevitably attend to their own job. The sea is nobody's job. We build schools and beautify churches and never see the multitude that has never heard a Catholic word since it left little-boy school, and has no churches. Yet it is precisely when a boy has left school, that he needs instruction. It is just when he has no church, that he needs rescue from the impossibility of Mass, or of receiving the sacraments. It is precisely then that every new idea, every interesting notion, every vital thrill, reach him through non-Catholic channels. I don't say "anti-Catholic" channels—those who purvey such things need not be in the least deliberately anti-Catholic. But they are non-Catholic. The Catholic lad thus builds himself up out of non-Catholic material.

The landsman has chances. It is rare that a church is not somewhere accessible. In his home, he has a measure of privacy, and can pray if he chooses. To keep up one's prayers as a seaman in a crowded "peak" is hard enough, and especially hard in the case of quite a young fellow who naturally does not want to seem different or goody-goody. And, when the bunks are one on the top of the other, you certainly can't kneel down, because there isn't room. Rough though that part of the seaman's life may be, yet I doubt if it is so demoralizing as the sight of the insane luxury now supplied by most large lines to their first-class passengers. On shore, you do not have a palace and a hovel in the same building. Besides, everyone knows that morals are apt to be discarded during a sea voyage—of course I don't say always are, but are apt to be. The trip is an interstice in real life. Now nothing has petrified me with astonishment so much as the way in which a stoker, for example, knows all about the passengers. I suppose the stewards or the bell-boys catch the "toffs" out at their misbehaviors, and tell the sailors, and the sailors tell the stokers. I can recall speaking across a barrier to a stoker who was wearing his sleeveless singlet. Some officer told the man to go away and dress more decently. The man said nothing, but just looked at the woman behind me in her evening frock—and talk of sleevelessness. . . ! The look was a whole comment on the situation. Afterward he informed me he could tell me a thing or two about her; but I didn't let him. That sort of differentiation ought, one would suppose, simply to breed Bolshevism. That it does so less than one would expect must be due to the proverbial good nature of the seaman.

I need not speak of the organized vice not only accessible but thrust upon the men, in large ports. I have recently received a letter insisting that seamen are no more immoral than other men. I readily believe it. The fact remains that landsmen seldom have the thing organized and thrust upon them as seamen mostly do.

Now if the seaman responds readily to friendliness and welcome, either he will find himself responding to the cruel advances alluded to, or he will find institutes that are not Catholic, or, please God, he will meet Catholic ones. I have before me the statistics of the Catholic percentage of the crews of the larger transatlantic steamers that call regularly once or even twice a month at North American ports. This does not include coastal, South American, Pacific or passenger services or any freight lines—though precisely because these are smaller, and their men more isolated, the position is almost more serious. Anyway, we learn that about 13,600 Catholic seamen call once or even twice a month at New York, and may stay

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thirty-six hours or as much as eleven days, or even more. Again, taking all nationalities into account, it is calculated that 60 percent of the seamen calling at New York are Catholic.

I do not know exactly how many non-Catholic institutes for seamen exist in that great city; I fancy, more than twenty. From the description of some of them which is at the moment accessible, they must be not only palatial, but very well equipped, and providing all those social contacts and even vocational training for unemployed men, and facilities for education, which are just what the seaman is often longing for, and for the lack of which alone he is apt to drift off to pleasures that he does not really desire. I have become convinced that such men do not, for example, read obscene books by preference: when they do, it is almost always because they can't get anything else. When I have lent a book—even a religious one—to some man forward, and have asked for it back, often he has said: "They're all reading it by turns—don't take it back yet!" As for a small book on self-control, called "The Difficult Commandment," they certainly all read that, if one of them gets hold of it; then they discuss it, and even when they decide that good behavior is impossible in their circumstances, I have never known their opinions as to what is right, to be false. Indeed, the book has gone some way toward making them agree that after all self-control is possible, and decide that they won't "act silly" any more. And they can keep that resolution.

How much then we should welcome several really fine Catholic homes for seamen in New York and the other great American ports. St. Peter's Union for Catholic Seamen is said to be doing fine work, against heavy odds—heavy, if only because its devoted director has primarily parish work to do. I cannot believe that such institutions need be very expensive, if only because (1) palatial conditions are not only not necessary, but are, I think, even demoralizing, as all materialism is; and (2) judging by other well-run establishments, such a home would soon pay its own way. Moreover, I can imagine ways in which existing societies could coöperate, without adding anything to their expenses. I feel sure that any Catholic school or university is today so conscious of its social duty, that it could supply the Seaman's Home with a whole crowd of young men who would go there regularly at least in the evening, and do three-quarters of the work free, and what is more, enjoy it. That inspiring publication, *Catholic Charities,* has often shown how much activity there is among young people, and how many settlements and clubs exist: from these, undoubtedly, well-selected young men and indeed girls would surely be forthcoming. I add "girls," because even though the girl did no more than serve out coffee, her very presence would influence men who otherwise might have no chance of meeting a respectable woman, much as they would prefer to do so.

The progress made in recent times is certainly amazing. A.M.I.C., i.e., the International Council of the Apostleship of the Sea, is a proved necessity, because in no other imaginable way could information be pooled and disseminated. Its quarterly bulletin, December, 1932, tells us that twelve nations were represented at the great reunion last September in Amsterdam. Its annual report will show us that while in 1922 there were only twelve Catholic seaman's clubs, one hostel, no whole-time chaplains, and six part-time chaplains in the world, there are now forty-four, six, fifteen, and 130 of these respectively. There are also at least 140 ports with a skeleton organization, all of which please God will be developed till they provide real Catholic homes for the visiting seafarer—and this term certainly must include the stewardesses. The new institutes opened during 1932 were at Genoa, Honolulu, Melbourne, San Francisco and Stettin. It is quite probable that a large harborside hotel, no less, at Hamburg may soon be acquired as a Sea Apostolate home and headquarters.

Of the value of the work done in such places, Australia furnishes, perhaps, the most easily estimated evidence. All evidence about the work done in Australian ports (New Zealand has developed fast and is now independent) is concentrated on Sydney, and tabulated as clearly as anything I have ever seen. The half-yearly report kindly sent to me arranges all its statistics by quarter-years, and relative success, and advance, can at once be seen. Such a report is reticent; but even it cannot quite keep out the facts—conversions; returns to the sacraments after half a lifetime's absence; happy deaths—which contribute to the unparalleled consolation of the priest who undertakes such work.

I might have composed this article wholly of such anecdotes, and nowhere, save at sea, are grave and gay so impartially mingled. But it seemed best to urge the general principle; and to add a few world-facts to consolidate it. Let me merely add that a young stoker who saluted me down one hole with the words, "What in hell are you doing down here? If religion ain't free on this ship, what is?", not only himself became an ideal Catholic, but afterward brought his married brother and family to be made "same as me," and now another brother—"toughest of all of us"—is putting himself under instruction too.

There could be much more said about the work itself and its Central Council: but it is enough to recall that the Holy Father has expressly declared his wish that the Sea Apostolate should spread round the entire world, and his belief that it will do so.

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THEATRICALITIES OF THE FAIR

By PADRAIC COLUM

IT WAS the biggest and brightest fair I ever attended. It was like another fair as an ostrich's is like a hen's egg, and for that reason it was good. Evidence of the professionalness of those engaged in its operations had impressed me before I came to it. Along the embankment of that strange river which is Nice's (I call it a strange river because it is mainly riverbed with a couple of unmingling streams coursing through it) I passed a village of wagon-houses: they were shining with yellow and blue and red paint, and a pungent smell was present—wood burning in stoves within the wagons. Suppers were over; a girl who had a brawniness and broadness that made one know that hers was a life different from the country girl's or town girl's, seated on the steps of a wagon-house, was receiving the attentions of a young man in velveteens— a caravan courtship. A lamp burning in this or that interior showed a supper-table and a bed made ready. Everything was neat and bright and, to add domesticity, two storks were perched on one wagon-roof.

These pitch-people were altogether different from the vagabonds who are to be met with on the road hereabouts. I had passed a gipsy squatting-place in a disused quarry: the wagon was dilapidated; the horses were scraggy; the head of the family was playing cards with his male progeny beside a fire of branches, while his young females, lean, hungry-looking, with snaky locks, were pestering pedestrians for sous. With the families who travel in motor-propelled wagons things are different; they know how to do things trimly and well; they have traditions and franchises, I suppose, that go back to the middle ages.

They have a magnificent site for their fair in Nice. It is on a long, wide space formed by covering over the river between certain points: their fair is on a bridge that is a quarter of a mile in length and is quite wide. A fair is always staged pretty well; that is to say, everything about it plays up to our sense of adventure. This street of booths and tents of unusual colors gives us an impression like that of a herd of piebald ponies—something remarkable and exciting. The music seems to be escaping out of containers of sound and celebrating its escape by blares and trumpetings. It is nothing but uproar set to some sort of tune, but how well it goes with the expectancy we all feel when we go into a fair—an expectancy that goes with those turning wheels-of-fortune, with the cracks of carbines in the shooting-galleries, with the circulatory gallop of the horses, the hurtling chase of one chariot after another, the abysmal falls and surmounting ascents accomplished on the switchback railway, the breath-taking heights reached on the swings, the never-ceasing movement which must surely take us higher and farther than any Peak of Darien. And the men and women who live by these exciting and curious properties have come to us from far places—they have been the companions of man-eaters and tamers of ferocious beasts, and intimates of tattoed ladies and living skeletons. Merely to see such persons moving about is to have our sense of expectancy heightened.

They wouldn't be showmen if they weren't able to play up to this expectancy of ours. The crocodile girl whom we are invited to examine stands outside the booth, a black-cloaked, black-veiled figure, with a man shouting at one side of her and another ringing a bell at the other side; she certainly looks an enigma. From a booth beside her come growls of wild beasts—they come so unremittingly that I have a feeling that their fury is a little too well-sustained. Their den must be underground, for the space we have view of is no bigger than a tram-car. Symbolism in this instance has been carried to undue lengths. The man outside the booth is black to suggest Africa; he holds a rawhide whip which he cracks when the growls and snaps become too terrifying; he wears a jacket of buckskin which is covered over with hunting-scenes in bold designs and vivid colors. Below the jacket, however, the pants are familiarly grey, and his footwear is nothing more remarkable than slippers of felt. They should have been made out of some of the skins that so lavishly decorate the interior of the booth—skins that stretch all the way from zebras' to crocodiles'.

Here is the little circus where the trained mice perform. These animals which are noted for their wildness and indocility, a placard informs us, have, by the exercise of an unheard-of patience, been given a training which enables them to perform the most astounding feats. Ladies need not be afraid to enter, for there is no possibility of the performers escaping. A woman sits at the entrance: at one side of her is a black cat and at the other a dog in the attitude of Toby at the Punch-and-Judy show; mice are swarming over and under the dog, which is surprising; under and over the cat, too, which is more than surprising—which is somewhat shocking. Perhaps the cat and dog are doped so that they do not notice the liberties that the mice are taking. But if that be so, how do the mice know it? The woman looks like someone out of Mother Goose's rhymes, and I

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must suppose that the mice inside are as sagacious as the rats raised in the House that Jack Built. Inside, at the command of a cross-eyed young man, the mice, white, black and piebald, taken out of various coffers, climb poles, clamber along cords, swing on balances. The showman talks to them in a low voice and with great intentness. Compared with the scene across the way where a young lady is making a pack of wolves jump, one by one, over a stick she holds, this is a very intimate production.

But for real intimacy give me the theatre that is further along the White Way—the theatre in which the fleas perform. Four or five of us bend over a board at which the entrepreneur presides: he is a large-faced bearded man who looks like a mild reproduction of Karl Marx. He wears horn-rimmed spectacles and owns to the name of Professor Voschov. Beside him are boxes of various dimensions and colors with spy-glasses of various sizes. On the board is an arena of about the size of a dinner-plate. There are different levels on it; a road traverses it and branches through it; wind-mills are turning; a procession, the units of which change position with a certain abruptness, is moving along. The Professor offers to one and then another of his select audience a glass through which the course can be observed, and gives us information in a low but sonorous voice.

These are carriages that are being pushed or pulled by fleas trained for this particular performance; the wind-mills, too, are being turned by fleas. The performers, having reached a certain point in the course, are picked up with a watchmaker's tweezers and put back into their special box. The scene changes, and now scraps of tinsel paper jig before us: these are fleas in their dancing-costume, an international ballet, each member of which is addressed by a flowery name. They are lifted up and put back into their stalls in one or other of the different boxes. There are other performers and other performances. I am burning to ask Professor Voschov how he breeds, feeds, selects, trains these alarming insects. How does he procure them? How does he care for them? What is the life-expectation as a performer of a flea? I do not inquire for I am afraid the Professor would mistake me for a journalist seeking an interview. I leave the circus meditating on the patience and ingenuity that a son of Adam will attain to in his effort to avoid Adam's curse.

I go along a street of shooting-galleries and wheels-of-fortune. These are well staged. Against a gleaming black wall white clay pipes are set in loops and hoops and horseshoes. They are being shot at by eager carbineers, and I suppose the winner gets as many clay pipes as would last him for a year. A thousand glazed and glossy and gleaming things are in the stall before which the great pictured wheel turns. In another stall are crates of pigeons for which boys will venture sous, and in another poultry which a household would be happy to get for Sunday's pot—geese with necks held up guardingly, ducks frivolously preening their wings, hens placidly roosting, a bantam strutting as if parodying the Gaulish cock. The fair overflows into the Place Garibaldi. Around the fountain-basin which is under the statue of the Liberator are stalls and galleries. And Garibaldi himself with his cloak, his sword, his loose shirt, and with the two lions below him which have the pained and protesting expressions of beasts that have felt the rawhide, looks like a prince of showmen.

The main booth here is devoted to an exhibition of *les passions humaines,* and, very naturally, a queue of young men is at the entrance. A life-sized young lady is reclining there; she has a waxen bosom that rises and falls as a Cupid with gauzy wings strikes his dart on it. The striking and panting are unceasing, and I do not wonder at the glare that is in the wide-opened eyes. Still, I know several persons whose idea of the good life is this constant striking and panting. And then, of all unpredictable happenings, a llama steps out of another booth and stands over the recumbent figure. With his high, lovely neck, and with that look of scorn that is in the lidded, down-looking eyes of llamas he takes stock of the panting lady. What does he think? It can't be told. But I should like to see ladies—flesh-and-blood ladies—go around with llamas as they go around with strange-looking dogs and with monkeys sometimes. A llama is a remarkably formed beast and has eyes that for length and luminosity are more rare and lovely than the eyes of any gazelle. And a manageable beast, too, I imagine. A lady with a llama would be as surprising as a lady with a unicorn.

Ubi Caput Reclinet

Sometimes, forgetting that I have to die,
I try, O Lord, to run away from You,
To shirk my duty, and to love awry:
Make life a game of hide-and-seek for two.

And lo! before the game is well begun,
I find there is no peace where You are not,
For joy is found in seeking only One,
And grief begins when aught but Him is sought.

Too few the moments when I make my heart
A Bethany for You, divinest Guest,
And sit, like Mary, at Your feet apart,
Not serving, but adoring and at rest.
My scattered love I fuse in one clear flame,
A fire within the heart You come to claim.

SISTER MIRIAM.

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SEVILLE AT HALF MAST

By JANE GRATE

IN SPITE of the crisis, Corpus Christi in Seville this year was a flowering of religious feeling. Aroused by the unhappy suppression of the great procession through the streets, for which the city is famous, there was almost a fury of devotion. Never, they declared, never had the enormous cathedral, third largest in the world, so overflowed, overflowing in turn the plazas outside and the streets beyond. The papers said there were 20,000, and it could easily be believed, for one could scarcely move.

The city of Seville is intensely religious. Yet this throng is today dominated by a municipal government that is Socialistic and hostile to the body of citizens it is holding by the throat. To look at the endless stream of strong men that poured through the cathedral in procession on Corpus Christi one would wonder how such an impasse ever could have come to be. Yet there it is.

Now it is only a few weeks since the assassination of Pedro Caravaca, beloved citizen and secretary to the F.E.D.A., which is the strongest association of business men in southern Spain. Caravaca had led the mass meeting of protest that traveled from Seville to Madrid to demand of the government the enforcement of law and order in Andalusia. From that hour he was a doomed man. In little more than a fortnight he was dead, shot in the street by a young Communist hired at a few pesetas, and today awaiting justice which will not, they say, be given. The Mayor and other officials who assayed to attend the funeral in an automobile, were practically hissed out of line by the angry crowd; not to be outwitted, the official car got through back streets to the cemetery where once more they were shoved aside while the people buried Caravaca to suit themselves.

Again, when Corpus Christi dawned, the municipality, ignoring the holy day, ordered the government activities to proceed as usual; but the Chamber of Commerce of the Catholic town ruled all stores closed and sabbath prevailed. The cathedral spoke eloquently of the state of public feeling. Passing along to the services, one saw swinging from all the house balconies of loyal Catholics the *colgaduras* of crimson and gold velvet in honor of the feast day. There is a spunk and spirit here that is not explosive, but assured.

The Office of Corpus Christi began at eight o'clock, and the church gradually filled with a throng who came early to be sure to get a place. The altar was gorgeous in its rich bronze gold over against the vast retable of carved wood—forty-five Bible scenes in Spanish Gothic, dating back to 1482—bearing the seven candelabra of the Pontifical over an antependium of silver plate, and above, the white embroideries of the silver Virgen de la seda, patron of the cathedral. At each corner of the sanctuary the enormous stone columns were clad in red velvet box draperies with seventeenth-century gold trimmings. On the credence tables stood arrayed the priceless silver service taken from their glass cases which tourists ceaselessly ogle. Cardinal Ilundain, cappa magna, presided at Tierce sung to the "Fa Bordone" of Don Norberto Almandos, the gifted organist.

At the Mass the Cardinal's vestments were of the eighteenth century; while the raised sanctuary, approached by a flight of fifteen broad steps within the enclosure, glittered with a moving attendance of canons and clerics in white and gold, colors of the Blessed Sacrament. The music was Gregorian with Eslava's Sequence, orchestral accompaniment. Outside the sanctuary, which is set in the middle of the cathedral inside four immense pillars and enclosed on three sides by great high metal screens of rich design, the people surged, front, right and left, packed back close to the walls of the building. It seemed an endless stream of men who came working their silent way through this throng, members of the various Cofradias, going to get their candles and insignia for the procession.

One of the finest moments of Solemn High Mass in this church is the reading of Epistle and Gospel in their respective pulpits, a scene never to be forgotten. The pulpits are bronze, built outside the metal screens of the sanctuary, high up against the corner pillar at either side, and approached by steps from within. The deacon, after the usual blessing from the celebrant at the altar, comes down the carpeted steps of the immense sanctuary attended always by two purple-clad canons and acolytes with torch and incense. They emerge from the bronze sanctuary screen into the pulpit, a small picturesque group against the enormous pillar clad in its crimson velvet. The book is incensed; the crowd below look up with expectant faces; the voice of the deacon sounds so far away, one realizes the height and the distance. The mind threads back through generations who have thus heard the Word announced—it is gripping: one realizes how the ceremonial of the Church helps to knit into one "the household of the faith."

At the Elevation all sound was hushed except the low soft modulation of the organ, strangely sweet in its softer registers. But suddenly as the Host went high in the Cardinal's hands, the cathedral chimes rang out, glad—the Giralda bells swinging and jangling, old and cracked and sweet, and one knew that the white pigeons were wheeling around the tower high in blue sunlight.

And to anyone sensitive to the finer impressions, not the least was the shifting of the lights during those four morning hours. The sanctuary is normally dusky, but the bronzed carvings in the retable are richer for the dimness, and the tall candles—not so many, either—so immense is the space, gave the effect almost of a Mass by candle-light. The fifteenth-century stained glass windows up in the arches of the roof threw tints of blue and red: the sunlight noticeably shifted from hour to hour, bringing change after change of color almost imperceptible. Then, finally, at the return of the procession the electric lights were flashed on, casting a mellow glow that stole up against all the bronze from floor to ceiling.

At last, the Mass ended, the Cardinal came down in pallium and cope, bearing the historic monstrance of Seville, containing the Blessed Sacrament: a gold monstrance set with thirteen hundred diamonds and pearls, bequeathed with love and pride to the cathedral by genera-

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tions of devoted Catholics. Ten prominent gentlemen of the city carried the silken canopy over the Blessed Sacrament, Which was borne to a shrine under the Puerta Concepcion, richly decked, and above it, covering the doors, a superb Flemish tapestry in dull blue and grey. The Cardinal, canons and clerics knelt while the procession began. The eighty-seven Cofradias of Seville, confraternities of worship and penance, laymen all, from every rank and class of the Spanish people, marched with lighted tapers past the repository, genuflecting in bands of four, with a forest of banners and standards, once around the cathedral past the shrine, then a second round to rally their standards in one great picturesque mass at the foot of the sanctuary awaiting the passage of the Blessed Sacrament. It was a tremendous sight, silent, orderly, prompt, the procession taking two solid hours to pass around and back again, so great was the number of Catholic men.

Meantime in the Coro opposite the sanctuary, where the carved stalls gleamed in shadow, the choir were singing motets and Eucharistic hymns to the vibrant trumpetings of the two immense organs, alternating with the canons chanting around the Blessed Sacrament, or the boys' choir singing the Hymn of the Eucharistic Congress —"We sing the Eucharist, the Love of Loves!"—the little voices bursting through the choir's music from time to time, as if not to be restrained.

After two hours of moving color, came at last the clergy with the Blessed Sacrament, passing up the nave to the sanctuary. First, the strange group of a score of parochial standards, almost oriental in tone, consisting of white embroidered cylinders surmounted by silver crosses; then followed the pastors, then the cathedral canons in white copes, bordered with sixteenth-century embroideries. Next came the famous *Seises,* little boys in white satin trousers and blouses of striped Pompeian red, who dance before the Blessed Sacrament, a privilege which the Popes gave to Seville in the twelfth century, to reward this same people for holding Christian Spain against the Moorish invasion; in the evening, at Benediction, the *Seises* dance was to take place. Behind them moved the patriarchal cross, the dean, the incense bearers and, under the canopy, the Cardinal with the Blessed Sacrament. The crowd could not be withheld: the impulsive Andalusians, forbidden to cheer, burst into the Eucharistic hymn till the cathedral throbbed. Just at a turning point, from a corner of the nave, a workman in laborer's garb, kneeling, sprang up and lustily cheered: "Viva España Catolica!"

The familiar Gregorian "Tantum Ergo" closed the enthronement, after which all day hundreds of people knelt praying there until sunset when again there was not elbow room in the cathedral.

When the Cardinal, having removed his vestments, went out in cappa magna, accompanied by the *cabildo* to his palace, there was a regular ovation in the streets, the people shouting: "Viva la iglesia!" "Viva España Catolica!" "Viva la Santa Sacramento!"

The Cardinal paused on his balcony stair, looked down on the crowd and smiled. Yet it was just twelve days since the Cortez in Madrid had voted: "Out with religion! No more Catholic education in Spain!"

COMMUNICATIONS

MAKING THE ANGLO-IRISH TREATY

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: In the last paragraph of his very interesting article on this subject in THE COMMONWEAL, August 4, Father Boyle declares that since the treaty was signed by the representatives of Ireland "reluctantly under the immediate threat of war . . . the validity of the pact is still open to question. . . ." Undoubtedly he means validity in morals, for there can be no question of its validity according to the rules and usages of positive international law. This is not the first time that the moral binding force of the treaty has been contested. Indeed, it was flatly denied by more than one leader of the men who in 1922 took up arms against the duly elected government of the Irish Free State. Since that period the same denial has not infrequently been uttered by other opponents of the treaty and of the party headed by Mr. Cosgrave.

This untenable position rests upon the failure to distinguish between private and international agreements. Any Catholic manual of ethics or moral theology will tell us that grave fear, unjustly exerted by one of the parties upon the other in making a private contract, renders a gratuitous contract entirely null and void and an onerous contract rescindable at the option of the aggrieved party. If the agreement signed by the Irish representatives under fear of war had covered some personal performance by these gentlemen they would be morally free to refuse to carry out the engagement.

But they were not acting in a private capacity; they did not sign an agreement which affected only themselves. They represented a nation and they participated in an international treaty. This fact makes the ethical situation completely different from that created by the private contract. It introduces a new consideration which is of the gravest importance, namely, the concord and welfare of nations. If international treaties, particularly those which put an end to a war and set up a régime of peace, were not generally kept, if they were generally regarded as possessing no moral authority, they would not be effective as instruments of peace and mutual trust among states. Indeed, they would be a continuous excuse for and provocation to war. Such is the usual argument given by ethicians and theologians. For this reason, says Cathrein, treaties are morally binding even when consent to them has been unjustly extorted from one of the parties ("Moralphilosophie," sixth edition, II, 756). Meyer sets forth the same principle and supports it for the same reason ("Institutiones Juris Naturalis," II, No. 716). Cronin presents a long and very satisfactory discussion and comes to the same general conclusion ("The Science of Ethics," II, 657-662). Reuter informs us that this is the almost universal opinion of Catholic authorities ("Theologia Moralis," Part Third).

Just as the common good of a single nation requires its members to make sacrifices which are not morally commanded in their relations with other individuals, so the

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common good of all the nations requires observance of the principle that even unjustly extorted treaties are morally binding. Otherwise there would be no such thing as international faith, international security or international stability. This is particularly true in relation to treaties of peace. If these were generally regarded as "scraps of paper," victorious nations would avoid making them and continue warfare until the defeated states were reduced to utter impotence.

Cronin does, indeed, introduce a modification of the general principle that unjustly extorted international treaties are morally valid. They should be regarded as rescindable, he says, "if the conditions imposed are manifestly and flagrantly unjust, for instance, if they are such as to reduce a state to the condition of absolute and irretrievable penury, and the duress is extreme." Obviously neither of these conditions, particularly not the former, was exemplified either in the signing of the Anglo-Irish Treaty or in its subsequent ratification by Dail Eireann.

REV. JOHN A. RYAN.

THE PRESIDENT'S PLAN

Northampton, Mass.

TO the Editor: "To pray through that best form of prayer, which is practical work. . . ." Yes, this is truly a phrase from the first paragraph in your leading editorial for this week! It must astonish all your Catholic readers.

The idea that practical work is the best form of prayer is ordinary and trite enough, of course, from the lips of liberal Protestants and sentimental materialists. One is only astonished when, given the opportunity, such persons refrain from voicing it; and aside from its platitudinousness, it is reasonable enough, given their ignorance of the supernatural. But to Catholic ears it is merely one of those sad mistakes common to the graceless, sad both for the graceless and for the Catholic who must hear it and pity his brothers' inexperience in spiritual realities. The Catholic usually lets it pass in a sad-joyful silence; for what can he say just here that will be understood by the Protestant or the materialist?

But in the present case there seems some point in asking where was Michael Williams, friend of Soeur Thérèse of Lisieux, that this old saw of the blind got past his desk?

ETHEL COOK ELIOT.

THE MIRACLE PLAYS

Rome, Italy.

TO the Editor: As I read in THE COMMONWEAL the words of exquisite praise by Richard Dana Skinner of the Miracle Plays given in New York, I bethought me of the play here in Rome centuries ago where a real miracle was wrought.

I refer to the pagan play mocking Christian ceremonies that converted Saint Genesius, the patron saint of actors. This conversion was accompanied by so fervid a faith that, through his torments under Diocletian, he declared it worth a thousand times such suffering.

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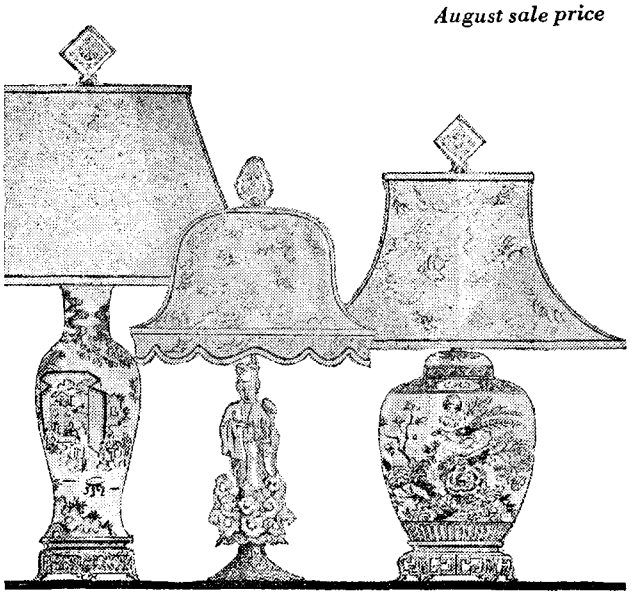

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When Camilla Peretti, sister of Pope Sixtus V, over three centuries ago brought the body of Saint Genesius from San Giovanni della Pigna to Santa Susanna's, it was then in the distant designs of the eternally present mind of God that Santa Susanna three centuries later should be given to our American Paulist Fathers.

Was it also His design that our American actors and actresses in this year of God's grace 1933 should build a chapel to honor the patron saint of their art? Would it not be worthy of them that this chapel should be as beautiful as mortal means will permit? Let us trust this suggestion will return for the saint's feast on August 25, freighted with the gold that will make the dream possible.

It is only meet that men and women who by their noble effort have tried to make their profession rank with call of priest, preacher and teacher in the uplift of humanity should have their patron honored fittingly in Rome.

MARY ARTIVLI.

HITLERISM

Paris, France.

TO the Editor: Let me apologize for seeming to flood this page of THE COMMONWEAL.

I do not think the tone of the editorials, or editorial paragraphs, of THE COMMONWEAL gives the reader a correct idea of what is happening in Germany. Affectionate banter in the case of a man like Hitler will not do. The man is a practical renegade from the Catholic faith, and his doctrine—Socialism plus racial persecution—has been condemned by the German bishops and, again quite recently, by the Archbishop of Vienna.

To speak of Herr Goering as an *enfant terrible* is to distort shocking facts. The violent seizure of power in the minor German states as well as in Prussia, the delivering up of Jews to a furious mob, finally the danger of imminent war in Europe, cannot be dealt with in that kind of badinage. At the moment I write, hundreds of Jews are fleeing from Germany into Poland, and hence I speak of things I see.

German Americans should be warned against a curious delusion. The fathers of many of them left Germany in eventful years because they hated monarchical tyranny. It is strange to see that their descendants have forgotten this to the extent of defending or minimizing Hitlerism because it is triumphant in Germany. Yet Hitlerism is much worse than the autocracy of the former masters of Germany. Not to realize it is nationalism of the most pernicious kind and dangerous misinformation. THE COMMONWEAL was not founded for that.

ERNEST DIMNET.

PETROLEUM VESUVIUS NASBY

Webster Groves, Mo.

TO the Editor: I am engaged upon a biography of Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby (David Ross Locke, 1833-1888), similar to my "Josh Billings, Yankee Humorist." If any of your readers have any information about the humorist, will they please communicate with me?

CYRIL CLEMENS.

BOOKS

The Cosmic Secret

The Expanding Universe, by Sir Arthur Eddington. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

THE RECENT discovery that the universe seems to be expanding has been brought to the attention of the American public by the lectures which the Abbé Lemaître, professor at the University of Louvain, and one of the founders of the theory, has been giving at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Princeton, Johns Hopkins, California, the Catholic University and other prominent universities in this country. Eddington, who is one of the foremost living astronomers, and at the same time a very skilful popularizer, gave last fall several broadcasts and a public lecture on this subject at the International Astronomical Union. This has now been made into the present book.

In the first chapter he discusses the evidence. It is possible to discover whether a star is moving toward or away from us with the help of Doppler's principle. A bell has a higher tone if it is mounted on a train moving toward us than if the same train is standing still. It has a lower tone if the train is moving from us. Similarly, a light source appears slightly redder if it is moving from us, and slightly bluer if it is moving toward us. By measuring the color of the light emitted by stars with the help of the spectroscope (prism), it is possible to measure their motion, either toward or away from us.

It is only recently that the improvement of instruments has made it possible to observe systems (nebulae) which are enormously much farther away than, say, the milky way. It has been found that all the stars are moving away from us; the faster, the greater their distance from us. For example, while the earth moves about twenty miles a second in its orbit, the farthest nebulae yet observed moves about fifteen thousand miles per second. If we do not assume that our earth is in any particular position, the only reasonable explanation to account for the fact that all the stars move away from us is that they also move away from each other, which means that the universe is expanding as a whole. How can that be accounted for?

The explanation lies in the general theory of relativity, which Einstein first published in 1912, and has elaborated considerably since. The equations of the general theory of relativity are arrived at from a number of observational facts, together with general mathematical considerations. They were derived long before this recession of the nebulae was observed. In them there appears a constant, called the cosmical constant, of which the value is unknown, and can only be determined by observation. A closer discussion of these equations showed that besides the usual attraction of gravity, which decreases with increasing distance, there is introduced by the theory an effect unknown before, namely, a repulsion, which gets larger and larger the farther away the stars are; this repulsion is measured by the cosmical constant.

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The question then arose: what kind of universe is possible under the theory of relativity? The equations of physics are such that usually several cases are possible with them. For example, the equations of mechanics make it possible to tip a chair on its edge, but of course make it also possible that this chair might go over. Einstein first calculated from his equation one case in which in the average there would be no large-scale motions. The general case was then discussed by the Russian, A. Friedmann, in 1922. In 1927 Lemaître took up the work again, and showed that Einstein's solution, while possible, actually corresponds to the chair on edge, in so far as a slight disturbance will tip it over. He calculated then, from Einstein's general theory, what would happen if such a disturbance occurred. It depended on the type of disturbance whether the universe would collapse or expand, in the same way in which the chair can be tipped either way. From the observed rate of expansion the original radius of the universe can be calculated with the help of the general theory of relativity. One might estimate that the present radius might be five times the original one. One of the consequences of this theory is that not as many years as sometimes have been supposed can have passed since the start of the motion. An estimate of a little more than a few thousand million years can be made. There is some difficulty in that, because one can estimate fairly well the age of the rocks on the earth, from the amount of radioactive substances, and get not much less for it.

This discussion is contained in the first three chapters, which also contain a very clear discussion of the problem of closed space, which, as I have repeatedly pointed out, seems to be at present the most reasonable explanation for the dogma of the finiteness of the world, but which needs a considerable exercise of abstract thinking.

In the last chapter the author takes up investigations of his own in which he tries to connect the large-scale phenomena of the system of stars with the smallest phenomena we know, i.e., the behavior of electrons and protons, the elementary parts of the atom. While his ideas here are very interesting, I believe that most theoretical physicists will not find them entirely convincing.

The book as a whole is excellently adapted to give an idea of the fascinating new developments, although it will require considerable coöperation on the part of the reader.

KARL F. HERZFELD.

A Pioneer Publisher

At John Murray's 1843-1892, by George Paston. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.75.

IN 1891, Samuel Smiles in "A Publisher and His Friends," sketched the lives and work of the first two John Murrays. Mr. Paston's interesting book carries on the chronicles of the Murray dynasty to the death of John Murray III in 1893. It is a fascinating story Mr. Paston has to tell, for John Murray III was a man of extensive contacts who, for half a century, wielded a wide influence both in literature and politics. Thackeray's

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whimsical fancy of referring to Albemarle Street, where the famous publishing house was situated, as "John Murray Street" has real significance.

Here eminent people come and go in a casual manner that will delight the reader. Mr. Paston's principal object, however, is to show us John Murray III at work—correcting proofs of his famous "Handbook" on a railway train; arguing with George Borrow about his "Romany Rye"; discussing with Charles Darwin the publication of the "Origin of Species"; laboring over the *Quarterly Review;* bringing out Grote's "History of Greece" in twelve volumes and the story of Layard's discoveries at Nineveh and those of Schliemann at Troy in magnificent tomes that still delight the eye; in early life carrying on his father's quarrel with D'Israeli and in later life a frequent house-guest of D'Israeli's great rival, Gladstone; and between times exercising a dominant influence on the serious literature of the day. I say "serious" advisedly, for Mr. Murray's father had already removed poetry and the novel from the Murray list; as a result, Jane Austen, the supreme master of the technic of the English novel, ceased to be published by Murray.

John Murray III, it is true, did publish Herman Melville's "Typee" and "Omoo" but as travel and not as fiction, and even these had to walk the plank due to indignant protests against the non-Victorian code of morals in vogue among the cannibals of the South Seas. In future editions the author might well amplify the account of George Borrow, not forgetting his "dark hour." For Borrow seems destined to a strange immortality.

WILL HOLLOWAY.

Burlesque

The Furioso, by Leonard Bacon. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

AS MUCH burlesque as satire, written less from the impulse of the reformer gone astray, who exposes the foibles and the shams and rottenness of a class than from what seems a species of malice born of a sort of impotent jealousy, "The Furioso" is a minor work in a minor literary form. It is conspicuous in these times less for quality than its unrelatedness to the literature of the times. The indifference of America to the incompetence of governments, the deformities of its celebrities, debars satire except in a feeble form. What there is creates boisterousness rather than reform.

Employing the bladder, the resounding slapstick, even at times the custard pie, Mr. Bacon has written as a buffoon, a common clown, a jester, but seldom as the wit, the sly whisperer at the edge of prodigious ceremonies and pomps. It is D'Annunzio who is the butt of Mr. Bacon's buffoonery. The gallantries, the attitudes, the display and the strange compulsion are D'Annunzio's, the political episodes, the "affairs," the literary history his, and the minor characters as well as those more central ones, the women of D'Annunzio's love, all are recognizable. Yet it is as much a sly self-portrait of Mr. Bacon that one has at the end of "The Furioso" as a ridiculous

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D'Annunzio. That this is true is another reason for this book's being only minor satire.

Technically, Mr. Bacon's verse is a curious *mélange*: fragments in an almost distinguished narrative style, vulgarities, cheap tricks, paraphrases, a common sort of epithet, violent invective.

What success "The Furioso" will have will, one fears, be the *succès de scandale*. Neither scandal nor success will, however, be great enough to justify Mr. Bacon's fear that publication of this book will prevent his return to Italy.

RAYMOND LARSSON.

"Suffer Little Children"

The Mass Explained to Children, by Maria Montessori. New York: Sheed and Ward. $1.00.

ANYONE would be impressed at the casual mention of a work on the Mass from the pen of Maria Montessori. Let us say at once that our secret hope of what it might be like has been entirely justified. For this little book is instinct with faith, redolent of sweetness, and athrob with childlike, not childish, simplicity; bespeaking a sympathy with the child-mind born of deep understanding. With soul's-eyes the author sees the drama of faith and she sends us a hundred pages which none may peruse without real joy and a fervent "God bless her." Indeed, the great teacher must have been long on her knees before writing this book which so unerringly finds its way into the kingdom of childhood.

There are but five chapters. In execution each one is edged and finished like a fine jewel. Gifted with an artist's perception of form plus the power of crystal-clear expression Dr. Montessori has here achieved a little pedagogical masterpiece. Seldom will you meet with anything more beautiful than the introductory diptych, "The Last Supper." The chapters on the "Meaning of the Mass" and "What Is Necessary for the Mass" are done with the deft touch of a great instructor. The divine theatre is then entered and its representative objects pointed out. Next, "the greatest act of worship the world has seen" is treated in two chapters, "The Mass of the Catechumens" and "The Mass of the Faithful." Both are surpassingly well done, with economy and clarity everywhere. Step by step the child is led into the great Mystery of Love. And lo!

> "A little new of the ever old
> A little told of the never told
> Added act of the never done."

Quickly the explanation runs, essentials ever kept in view, and the attention delicately focussed, so that in His Light all may see the light.

These five chapters are models in method, marvels of clear condensation. They surely will repay the study of all parents. God speed this little sheaf into the kingdom of childhood with all despatch.

JOSEPH DUNNEY.

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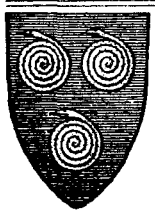
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Briefer Mention

Saint Ignatius and the Ratio Studiorum; edited by Edward A. FitzPatrick. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. $2.00.

THE HIGH motives and the unimpeachable rationalizing of means for the practical expression of those motives which are the basis of the educational enterprise of the Jesuits are here completely revealed. Dr. FitzPatrick of Marquette University has well planned the present volume. He gives a brief life of Saint Ignatius, describes the "Constitutions of the Society of Jesus" and gives in extension that section of the constitutions which deals with education. The main part of the book is devoted to an excellent translation of the "Ratio Studiorum" into English, by A. R. Ball. Finally there is an analysis of the educational value of "The Spiritual Exercises." This is an important and well-documented work on one of the major pedagogical systems of the world, and a saint who is, as Dr. FitzPatrick writes, "one of the significant influences in American higher education." It can be cheerfully recommended to educators and students of education who wish to inform themselves about the Jesuits' remarkable and time-tried system from first-hand authentic sources.

Happiness for Patients, by John Joseph Croke. New York: Hospital Publishing Company. $1.00.

A LARGE percentage of the sick's querulousness springs from the question, "Why?" Unanswered, it may provoke rebellion which reacts disastrously for the complainer. Yet illness is best borne—ideally it should only be borne—by a relation of its suffering to that which purchased man's redemption. This truth is the foundation upon which Father Croke's admirable and attractive book is built. Written in an informal style, it directs the patient's thoughts into channels which lead, if not to happiness, at least to peace and cheerfulness. This direction is in itself a powerful medicine. By his experience in a large hospital where his parish duties call him, the author is thoroughly equipped to carry out his happy idea, and his book becomes one which deserves place on the Catholic patient's bedside table.

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